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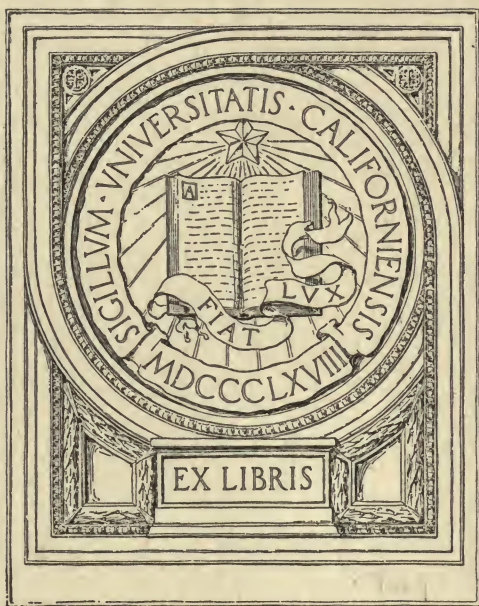
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THE DAY
AND OTHER POEMS

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HENRY CHAPPELL



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THE DAY
AND OTHER POEMS



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Henry Chappell

THE DAY

AND OTHER POEMS

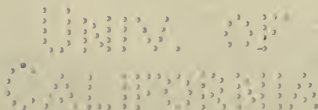
BY HENRY CHAPPELL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

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TO THE
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ROYAL SOCIETY

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE DAY	13
THE GATE OF FAME	15
LOVE AND WINE	16
MOTHER	17
IF BUT A WORD	18
CUI BONO?	19
BEYOND THE SUNSET	21
THE DREAM MAID	22
GOD OF OUR FATHERS	24
THE ANZACS	26
THE SOUL OF BRITAIN	28
WHO PAYS?	31
THE PEARL OF SYMPATHY	32
THE SEA-PLANE	33
THE CHALLENGE	34
MY LITTLE YORKSHIRE TERRIER	36
THE COAL STRIKE	37
LORNA	38
THE SOUNDLESS VOICE	39
THE VOICES	41
HIS CROWN OF SHAME	43
UNTO THE END	45
KITCHENER, K.G.	47
THE PRICE OF VICTORY	48
QUEEN BATH	49

	PAGE
THE ORGANIST	52
KEEP IT DARK	53
BE WITH US	55
PATIENCE	56
THE MARTYR OF BRUSSELS	58
THE ROSE AND MAPLE LEAF	60
THE LIGHTKEEPER	62
WHERE'ER YOU ARE	63
TO MY OLD ARMCHAIR	64
THE SINGER	67
WARNEFORD, V.C.	68
THE WATCHERS	70
JOAN	72
UNTIL THE DAWN	73
GRANDMAMMA'S LECTURE	75
TU-WHIT TU-WHOO	76
THE TWO SUITORS	78
BY THE FALL	80

INTRODUCTION

MY acquaintance with "The Day," the poem which gives its title to this little volume, was made in a characteristic manner. I saw it, in the early weeks of the war, pasted up inside the window of a leading stationer's shop in Oxford. I thought this unusual, and began to read it through the glass. The moment I had taken in the first line, my surprise ceased. I was caught, and carried to the end, by its swing and grip. I went in, and bought a dozen copies. All they could tell me about it was, what was printed on it, that it was the work of Mr Henry Chappell, a Railway Porter at Bath, and that it had appeared in the *Daily Express*, and was selling apace.

At this I did not wonder. I have heard since that it was reprinted in every paper in America, and I have evidence that it soon reached, and was widely read, in Canada, the Cape, and Australia. I myself sent it, and spoke of it to many friends.

"Here," I said to myself, "is one of the first, spontaneous, natural, democratic utterances in the war, and it comes from my own West country."

I have lived all my life on the G.W.R. : the famous "Broad Gauge" was the admiration of my childhood,

8 INTRODUCTION

and among my earliest journeys were those from Bristol, to her stately and classic neighbour, "which to love," I have always thought, "is a liberal education," the queenly city of Bath.

Encouraged by a friend at Bath, I wrote to the poet himself, and told him how good I considered his effort. For a few days I got no answer. But this was not pride. The reason was, what Mr Chappell told me when he wrote, that his hours of duty were long and that just then his only holiday was every other Sunday.

A little later he sent me the poem which appears in this collection, entitled "Queen Bath." When, the other day, he told me that he was bringing out this volume, and asked me to write a word or two by way of Preface, I answered that I was greatly pleased and honoured, and could not refuse.

One thing was at once clear to me, when I saw this collection, and will, I think, be clear to all who understand poetry.

"The Day" was no sudden miracle or lucky accident.

"The opportune," said Disraeli, "is sometimes better than the excellent," but the really opportune must be excellent too, and if "The Day" is the best "poem of occasion" in this little book, many of the others show the same, and some of them other poetic qualities.

Mr Chappell is, as he ought to be, a "poet of the people." He knows those feelings "in widest commonalty spread," in which Wordsworth thought

the best poetry was to be found. At the same time his poems are the outcome of his own life. Is it fanciful to say that he has the rhythmic resonance of the locomotive at full speed, which Kipling has somewhere so wonderfully rendered, what he himself so aptly calls "*The cheerful clank of the gleaming crank*"?

But he is not a mere inspired mechanic, or limited by his calling. He has in him something of Burns, something of Longfellow, something also of a more modern music, that of Swinburne and of Kipling. Nay, his choice vocabulary shows that he has read not a few books, new and old. And he has read them in the only way that is really profitable, side by side with experience. He has his own note.

"Look in your heart and write," said the famous soldier-poet of the days of Elizabeth, whose example of blended chivalry and poetry has been of late recalled and renewed a thousand times on those fields of Flanders, where he, too, fell in his day.

"*Look in thy heart and write.*" "*Sing to the heart and your lay shall live,*" so Mr Chappell puts it, not thinking probably of Sir Philip Sidney, but out of his own conviction.

These verses will find their way to the heart, because they come from it. That secret they possess. They possess, too, another secret—one of the head. They are sincere.

"*What man of you can say I writ a lie?*" is his own challenge.

And truth means, first and last, courage, and that, too, can be found here. And yet with all this there

is always innate modesty, and here and there a saving dash of humour, and indeed of genial merriment.

Of Huguenot ancestry, Mr Chappell was born in London in 1871, at 12 Bathurst Street, Sussex Square, W., where his father had a shop. But his family were Cornish, of the yeomanry class, and came from St Just, and directly he joined the G.W.R. in 1891 he was sent to the West. His work lay successively at Bath, Chippenham, and Clifton, and he began to send pieces to the Bristol and Bath papers.

The earliest poem of his to attract attention was "The Record Run to the West," the occasion of which was the sending of an express train, with King Edward, then Prince of Wales, on board, from London to Plymouth, for the first time without a stop. One of his next publications was that already mentioned, "Queen Bath."

"The Day" was partly the outcome of the popular feeling, which, as he says, "was running red hot at the time"; partly suggested by recollections of a vigorous and prophetic article in the *Daily Telegraph* years before, protesting against the cession of Heligoland: still more, at the moment, by his own reading, and mental picture, of the horrors of the first days of the war itself. His wife and daughters and friends pressed him to write something. He wrote first a piece, liked by many, dignified and strong, but which did not kindle. He was not satisfied, and tried again. Then he wrote "The Day," or rather, as he says, in words the truth of which everyone will believe, "Once started, the poem wrote itself." The allusion to the German toast

“Der Tag,” which oddly came to him afterwards, is obvious. Obvious too is this, whatever may be thought about the piece, it is inspired, and possesses that “unanalysable *vital element*,” which, as Mr St Loe Strachey so admirably enforces, is the ultimate essential of all true poetry.

Take this little light volume then, reader, in these heavy days. Read the war pieces. We all have our own thoughts about the war. It helps us to know the thoughts of others who are large-hearted and wise. It helps us, amid its thunders, to hear the “still small voice” of sincere pity and piety. And read the rest too. It helps us perhaps yet more to be reminded that there are other things than hate and horror, to be reminded of beauty and peace, of the dreams, the loves, the tender regrets of life here, of its hopes, its prayers, its faiths that rise above and pass out beyond it.

We fight, since fight we must, that room may be found for these, that they may not be trampled and terrorised out of the world, that, as the great poet of the nation which founded Bath, sang long ago, Justice may be restored to the earth, and the golden age of peace and poetry return.

H. W.

THE DAY

YOU boasted the Day, and you toasted the Day,
And now the Day has come.
Blasphemer, braggart and coward all,
Little you reck of the numbing ball,
The blasting shell, or the "white arm's" fall,
As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day,
And woke the Day's red spleen.
Monster, who asked God's aid Divine,
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine ;
Not all the waters of the Rhine
Can wash your foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the Day ;
Watch how the Day will go !
Slayer of age and youth and prime
(Defenceless slain for never a crime)
You are steeped in blood as a hog in slime,
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for the Day ;
Yours is the harvest red.
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries ?
Can you see the heap of slain that lies,
And sightless turned to the flame-split skies
The glassy eyes of the dead ?

You have wronged for the Day, you have longed for
the Day

That lit the awful flame,
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain ;
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
And mothers curse your name.

But after the Day there's a price to pay
For the sleepers under the sod,
And He you have mocked for many a day—
Listen, and hear what He has to say :

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

What can you say to God ?

THE GATE OF FAME

OPEN the portal, let me in,
I give to the world my best,
Outside the rosy gate of fame
A poet pleading prest.
The gate kept fast, chill grew the night,
The heedless world surged by,
And shadows crowded o'er his soul,
Nor star shone in the sky.

But on the wind there came a voice
Sweet as an angel's tone,
"Ever you sing to the world's dull ear,
Ever you sing to stone.
Songs of a day with day shall die
Merged in the gloom of night,
Songs of a night forgot will fly
Before the morn's cold light."

"Sing to the heart and your lay shall live,
Tears thou shalt call or dry,
Hope to the failing thou shalt give,
And angels list on high.
Sing to the heart and in its shrine
Ever shall live thy name,
The boon thou cravest shall be thine,
The key to the gate of Fame.

LOVE AND WINE

COME, Bacchus, bid thy nectar flow,
The balm for sad hearts pining,
For rosy dreams in wine cups glow
And set soft eyes a-shining.
Why dull and sad when wine makes glad
The hearts of man and maid too ;
Fill each his cup and drink it up,
And plague take him afraid to.

If times be out of joint and wrong,
And pates grown dull with thinking,
Why, chase the dolours with a song
And set the wine cups clinking.
A bonnie lass, a well-filled glass,
'Twas what good wine was sent for ;
A stolen kiss comes not amiss,
'Tis what red lips were meant for.

So, Bacchus, join us at the board,
A Queen we will provide you,
Pour out the choicest of your hoard
When Venus sits beside you.
We'll bribe old Time with mirthful chime
A longer span to coin us ;
And cup in hand, he'll quit his sand,
Fling down his scythe and join us.

MOTHER

THERE'S a hand so firm and tender
As it holds the cords of home,
And guides each wayward footstep,
That heedless yearns to roam ;
That smoothes the roughest places,
And stills the childish fears ;
Is ever there to help the play
Or dry the rainbow-tears.

There's a voice that makes the darkness
Of the little bedroom light ;
All the bogies fly its music
And the nasty dreams take fright,
As it tells of shining angels
Who watch the whole night long,
Till the sun peeps thro' the lattice
And the lark begins his song.

There's a heart so true and steadfast,
That save the one above,
No tongue can tell its pity,
No words describe its love.
If youth forgets, or hair be grey,
Whate'er the cause or smart,
Each hasty, unkind word you say
Is burnt in Mother's heart.

IF BUT A WORD

IF but a word of mine could give you joy
I'd speak, and o'er your path a radiance shed
Of pure delight ; nor trace of earth's alloy
Should grieve your heart or shadow o'er your head ;
And all the world for you should golden shine,
And one bright smile from you make Heaven in mine.

If but a word of mine could give you grace
I'd speak ; but never lily was more fair ;
Twin wells of truth uplift the sweetest face
Framed in the prisoned glory of your hair,
Where sunbeams play in every silken part
And weave its coils the tighter round my heart.

If but a word of mine can teach you love
I'll speak, if lips will serve my heart's behest
And tell you that I love you, sweet, above
Aught on this earth, the fairest and the best.
I see o'er velvet cheek the roses twine
And eyes half-veiled have told me you are mine.

CUI BONO ?

MY Lords and Commons, in your place of trust,
You should know best of all the Nation's need ;
And we will sacrifice, if so we must,
The uttermost to aid you, word and deed.
If it be vital for the Country's sake
That you should play the landlord, it is well.
We look to you to make the venture take
The concrete form of ample shot and shell,
And yet methinks ere catering for thirst,
'Twere better to have whacked the Germans first.

If, on the other hand, you should decide
On prohibition's drastic law to stand,
So that it speeds the plough, we will abide
Your wisdom's rule, and water out of hand.
There's sure to be some grumbling for a time
About a state of things so newly sprung
On those who have no cellars filled with prime.
But there—some folk would grumble to be hung,
And lesser minds than yours might take the view
That water's bad—at least for revenue.

Perchance, the workers are a funny lot,
And somewhat lacking in discrimination,
They relish not at all the stigma sot
You have bestowed on them by implication.

There are black sheep, we know as well as you ;
The strenuous toiler's not to blame for that.
To penalise the masses for a few
Were Nasmyth hammers used to slay a gnat ;
And it is said that bibulous behaviour
Is not confined to realms outside Belgravia.

My Lords and Commons, if a strain sardonic
Creep through these lines, the fault is yours alone :
The lessening prospect of a modest tonic
Does not conduce to cheerfulness of tone.
But that apart, your battle cry of old
Was "Trust the People," which was kind and nice.
May I suggest (nor deem me over-bold)
You take a little of your own advice.
That "root-and-branch" threat too, on contemplation,
Seems *quite* the thing in teaching moderation.

BEYOND THE SUNSET

BESIDE the cripple's casement
Some fragile lilies bloom,
Dearest of all earth's treasures
To the child within the room.
And she said, "O, pretty lilies,
They say that I must die ;
Will you grow where I am going
Beyond the sunset sky ?"

And to her childish fancy
The lilies nearer drew,
And whispered softly to her,
"Yes, we will go with you ;
Tho' in the place we came from
Beyond the sunset glow,
There are flowers more bright and lovely
Than earth may ever know."

A tiny form, white-shrouded ;
The weary heart at rest ;
A face as pure and lovely
As the lilies on her breast.
So they passed away together,
The child and the lilies pale,
To bloom for aye in the garden
Beyond the Sunset Veil.

THE DREAM MAID

Suggested by Gene Stratton Porter's book "The Harvester"

SOUTH Wind, South Wind,
Find you my love for me.
She trod last night the moon wove bridge
Of light that spanned the sea.
Soft elfin strains to greet her
Upon your zephyrs stole,
And my heart went out to meet her,
The Dream Maid of my soul.

South Wind, South Wind,
Seek you my fairy Queen.
Her robes are mists of filmy light
All girt with starry sheen.
Soft dusky tresses flowing
As clouds that woo the night,
Half veiling and half showing
The glories of her light.

South Wind, South Wind,
I saw the heavens shine
Within her eyes deep pools of love ;
Her lips were pres't to mine.
A thousand harps seemed ringing
Some wondrous tender lay,
And, on the music winging,
My love hath flown away.

South Wind, South Wind,
 Fly to my love for me ;
And whisper low thy lover waits
By the bridge that spans the sea.
Then, by her lips' soft token
And the story in her eyes,
We'll tread ere yet 'tis broken
The path to Paradise.

GOD OF OUR FATHERS

LORD in Whose Hand the mountains hide,
And deserts dwindle to a span ;
Whose Will hath swayed the Ocean's tide
Unchanging since the world began.
God of our Fathers still to Thee
The Nation's voice in praise shall ring,
Who mad'st us mighty, keep us free.
God save our Country and our King.

Lord Who from chaos called to light
The wondrous orb that never dies,
And bade a thousand planets write
Thy Name in fire about the skies.
God of our Fathers still to Thee
The Nation's voice in praise shall ring,
Who mad'st us mighty, keep us free.
God save our Country and our King.

Lord Who with promise fair doth bend
The rainbow's lovely arch of light,
Or bid'st the flaming bolts descend,
The thunders roar, the tempests smite.
God of our Fathers still to Thee
The Nation's voice in praise shall ring,
Who mad'st us mighty, keep us free.
God save our Country and our King.

In Peace, O Lord, be Thou our Stay,
Our Sword and Shield in battle nigh.
Teach us, Thy servants, day by day
Nobly to live, or nobly die.
God of our Fathers still to Thee
The Nation's voice in praise shall ring,
Who mad'st us mighty, keep us free.
God save our Country and our King.

THE ANZACS

NO straws weighed they of the right or wrong
When out of the north there came,
Fire sped, the message of War declared,
Of banners flung and bright blades bared,
Of a little nation's Calvary shared,—
Of a mighty nation's shame.

The mother called, and her voice alone
Was reason enough and more,
So they came in the flush of youthful days,
By hard trod paths and devious ways,
Thro' biting frosts and burning rays,
From the inlands down to the shore.

The Mother called from her far-off throne
And the young blood leaped to the old,
Virile and strong from the farthest ends,
Where sea with sky in a red haze blends,
And the lamp of the Southern Cross depends
From its heaven of blue and gold.

To fight for a land they only knew
From a mother's lips, or sire's.
Throned in the surge, a Queen, to keep
The stormy ways of the trackless deep ;
Quick in their hearts her ideals leap,
And in their blood her fires.

The pride of her name upbore them thro'
The hell of that fatal shore,
Where heroes fought and died to gain
The steep that belched a deadly rain,
And Heaven and earth seemed split in twain
By the cannons' thunderous roar.

No marbles gleam where the fallen lie,
Just a simple cross at the head,
But Britain mourns her sons who sleep
In their lonely graves by the sounding deep,
Honour's the troth the living keep,
And shrines in her heart the dead.

THE SOUL OF BRITAIN

THRO' the dark of the night we have trodden,
thro' the grey of the dawn we must tread,
In ways by a dread dew sodden and by waters that
glimmer red ;
For the sake of the pledge we have given and the stress
of the primal laws,
O'er the wreck of a world that is riven, for the sake of
a Soul and a Cause.

For the cause that has called us and found us, for the
soul that, seeing the light,
Rent the shibboleth chains that bound us and cast
them into the night ;
Magnificent, stern, self-relying, the soul of our island
home
Has fired with a flame undying our knights of the field
and foam.

Inspired them, as, pent in their burrows, like tigers in
leash they pined
(Whilst the guns ploughed fearful furrows, or the gas
came down on the wind)
For the call to the charge and the plunging, the tingle
and leap of the blood,
And the debt wiped out by the lunging, as the steel
bites home with a thud.

Upheld them when fiery scourges drove rife as the
wintry sleet,
And lashed into foam the surges, as the path of the
hurricane's feet ;
Midst the shock and the splint'ring and rending, and the
wailing and blasts of shell.
Whilst the sea and the sky seemed blending in the
sulphurous reek of hell.

We'll uphold till our conquering legions have whelmed
o'er the pagan blight,
As the sands of the desert regions are grip't in the
whirlwind's might ;
Or as leaves of the autumn scattered, and sprent with
her hectic red,
Strew them broken and shattered, living, dying and
dead.

Then the bells will rock in their steeples, and the guns
as tho' loth to cease
Will roar with the joy of our peoples, and salvo a
welcome to Peace ;
To Peace—stay, what brings she as guerdon, *will the
tongue betray the blade ?*
And Yoke us again to the burden ? The past speaks,
and I am afraid.

Unready we fronted the thunders, unready we bent to
the blast ;
Have we learned yet some wisdom from blunders, are
the days of our blindness past ?
Will the new world war's hammer has founded, and the
new power forged in pain,
Be twisted and whittled and bounded by the babble of
fools again ?

Hard yet is the road we must travel, and many the
blows and sore,
There are tangled skeins to unravel in the days that be
before ;
And the deeds of those days must impeach us, either the
more or the less,
In the measure past failures teach us what we never
learned from success.

Beware, you whose fingers would palter ; beware, you
whose tongues would betray
The scales of stark justice, or alter one hair's weight
their passionless sway ;
Or the soul that has wakened and risen, supreme in
our direst need,
Must sink again to the prison, of party and place and
creed.

WHO PAYS ?

WHO pays ? I see a gallows set
Darkly against a blood red sky,
And hear a voice unceasing cry
"The noose is hanging empty yet."
WHO PAYS ? WHO PAYS ?

Who pays ? Still swings the hempen band
Idly to every passing breath ;
Justice demands her fee of Death,
Whose forehead bears Cain's awful brand ?
WHO PAYS ? WHO PAYS ?

Who pays ? The two score thousand dead
Shriek from the sod in eerie strain ;
For all the fearful fires of pain,
Ere yet we were untimely sped.
WHO PAYS ? WHO PAYS ?

Who pays ? The blinded eyes that stare
In ghastly blankness at the sky,
Send thro' the void a voiceless cry
More poignant far than loud despair,
WHO PAYS ? WHO PAYS ?

Who pays ? The cord hangs idly yet,
Still flames the sky a blood red sea,
Mirroring back Gallipoli.
The heavens ask lest we forget
WHO PAYS ? WHO PAYS ?

THE PEARL OF SYMPATHY

I SOUGHT in the crowded highway,
I sought in the mountains free ;
In busy mart and gathering gay
Where men own tawdry Fashions sway
And fritter the golden hours away,
But know not sympathy.

The winds and the waves of Ocean
And the caves beneath its sea
All blent their tones in sweetest choir
To soothe my spirit's wasting fire ;
Lovely, but cold ; my heart's desire
Was human sympathy.

But when the angels pitied
And sent you unto me,
I saw the softest love-light shine
In your dear eyes, and close to mine
There beat your heart, their gift divine,
The Pearl of Sympathy.

THE SEA-PLANE

A TINY speck in the evening sky
Nearer drawing across the main,
She cleaves the path that the swallows fly
Flecked by the sunset's crimson stain,
Homeward winging in graceful flight
As her feathered kin to the shore at night.

Nearer, and out from the glory far
Her song comes floating down the steep,
As tho' she sang to each watching star
A last good-night ere she sank to sleep,
Whilst from the shadows pearly grey
The horned moon shimmers across the bay.

The great ships know of her vigil keen,
Watching, watching the deeps below,
Where a grim, grey death by them unseen
May wait to launch her bolts of woe,
And sailor prayers for the heroes rise
Who man the watch-towers of the skies.

Dreamy and slow is the song she sings
Gliding down from her airy quest,
Ever lower on slanting wings
As the sea-bird wheels to its rocky nest,
And ocean, as tho' by her song beguiled,
Takes from the mother's arms their child.

THE CHALLENGE

I HEAR men say, he changes as the wind,
Faith, doubt, intolerance, alternate sings,
How may we know the in-ness of his mind
Or hear the voice of Truth 'midst warring strings ?

Or how respond to songs of love and life,
Or thrill to cadences of mournful tone
When the same lips that wake them seem at strife
And voicing every passion save their own ?

How much of verity the plaint contains
I leave who cares to vouch for or deny ;
I do but weave the burden of my strains
From men and women, earth, air, sea and sky.

I sing of things that are, and aye will be
So long as holds the blight of primal curse ;
Up to the things I know and feel and see
I hold the feeble mirror of my verse.

So if amid my song some doubts and fears
O'er-shadow Faith, or that which bears the name,
Think you the past has known, or future years
Bring forth one soul who will not know the same ?

Intolerant perchance, and wherefore not ?
Are toil and food and sleep man's whole estate ?
Sharing with animals a common lot,
Waiting as mendicants the doles of Fate ?

Intolerant ! Ye gods ! With Life a cage
That poverty has locked and sold the key,
Bonding her millions whom their lot assuage
By kissing chains and shouting they are free.

There, there, I give them rods wherewith to beat,
My muse and me with usual critic ruth,
A wiser scribe would roll in honeyed sweet
The things they want to hear and gulp for truth.

Still, you who sit in judgment, critics, friends,
(The terms can be synonymous)—I do defy
You and the world unto its farthest ends—
What man of you can say I writ a lie ?

MY LITTLE YORKSHIRE TERRIER

DEAR little bundle of fluff and fun,
Of silver and shaded tan,
Now looking so solemn and quiet and wise,
Peering out thro' the fringe that lies
In tangled curls o'er the owlsh eyes,
That ponder the ways of man.

A tiny terror of growls and bark,
Teeth in a German set,
That once was a slipper warm and fine,
Tho' guiltless now of shape or shine ;
Your foe, dear Vi, was a friend of mine
Ere you and I had met.

Playing and sleeping or chasing the cats
Make up your little day ;
Yet you in your doggie heart are blest
With a virtue rarely by Man possessed,
Tho' always claimed and loud professed
By friends of finer clay.

There is Faith in your eyes, my little friend,
Faith—not an empty name ;
A lesson for me and the world to learn,
Faith that will neither fail or turn
With the veering crowd, but stedfast burn
A calm and lovely flame.

THE COAL STRIKE

RED are the rails with rust to-day,
Red is each standing wheel ;
No cheerful clank from the gleaming crank,
Or the kiss of steel on steel.
No whistle shrill awakes the hill
To fling an echo back,
Nor piercing beam of a signal's gleam
To give, or bar the track.

Red are the parent's hearts to-day
As they watch the spectre creep,
Gaunt skin and bone, while the children moan
In their hungry, troubled sleep.
No hope is born with the breaking morn,
No work—no fire—no food ;
Another day must be starved away
And wept in tears of blood.

White is a little childish form,
White in the arms of Death ;
And O, so thin, that thro' the skin
The sharp bones show beneath.
A tiny mound in the churchyard ground,
Apart from the marbles carved ;
But never a scroll for the little soul,
Who went to Heaven—starved.

LORNA

PURE as the air that breathes the moorland o'er
My Lorna comes to where the waters shine ;
Her eyes have caught the light from Heaven's door,
The light divine, the light divine.
Hark how the birds sing as my love draws near,
And every flower bell rings its fairy chime,
Whilst my poor heart doth have 'twixt hope and fear
A sorry time, a sorry time.

For in the scented dusk of yester eve
I told my love with many a tender vow,
And I am hoping, fearing to receive
Her answer now, her answer now.
One snowflake hand in mine, all trembling lies ;
I breathe again the story ever new,
And blushing most divinely she replies,
O, is it true, O, is it true ?

Is there no other maid you love as well ?
For many a one is fairer far than I,
And often have I heard my granny tell
That men are sly, that men are sly.
Still I will trust you, dear, whate'er betide ;
Shyly she raised her eyes so soft and true ;
I don't believe my granny for,—she sighed—
I love you too, I love you too.

THE SOUNDLESS VOICE

(Easter 1916)

NOW as the shadow of a Cross looms nigh,
A vision rises of a far off day,
When One in sacrifice was nailed to die
Above the thorny path of Calvary's way.
Drained to the lees the cup of mortal pain ;
A voice within me asks, "Was all in vain ?"

Another vision rises big with dread,
And Calvary's tragedy seems paled to nought ;
Not one, but millions crucified lie dead ;
What is the guerdon all their blood has bought ?
They as the God-man gave their lives to gain
Freedom for others ; Is it all in vain ?

I fain were deaf, but still that voice will speak
Insistent to my heart, "What does your God ?
Why saved He not the women and the weak,
Whose blood is crying from the reeking sod ?
Lo, it is writ, He marks a sparrow fall ;
Is human life so little after all ?"

The earth is trampled o'er by iron-shod might ;
The wail of myriads quivers to the skies ;
Each day but paints new horrors for the night,
And old beliefs are traitors garbed in lies.

Once for His Own He clove the seas in twain,
Now Faith and prayers and tears alike seem vain.

I could but list, nor single word deny ;
 Black shadows throng, the mists are all around.
I seek a sign red blazing from the sky ;
 I seek 'mid shifting sands for solid ground ;
While as a dirge the voice in mournful strain,
Like muted bells, repeats, " In vain ; In vain."

THE VOICES

O WAVES, that break at my feet,
What saw ye out on the deep ?
Saw ye the watch-dogs of our Fleet,
That guard and never sleep ?
Aye ! they cleave a path of gleaming white
From rising sun till the noon of night ;
Their thunders answer the stricken foe,
But many a gallant heart lies low ;
Wrapt in a shroud of white sea foam
Our Mother takes the sailors home.

O wind, that ruffles the deep,
Bear ye no word of cheer
Of the hearts that vigil keep
O'er the rolling wastes of fear ?
Aye ! for they laugh at my wildest breath,
And rush bright-eyed in the jaws of Death,
A cheer on their lips and hearts aflame
As tho' they loved the deadly game.
O they fight as men, as men they die,
And I waft their muttered prayers on high.

O stars, that glitter so cold,
Above all the seas to-night,
Can you from your Heaven behold
The flush of a Dawning bright ?

Aye ! the reek of guns still fouls the sky,
And still the pallid shades wing by ;
But this is writ in the Book of Fate,
Twin Glories stand at the Empire's Gate,
Bright Victory bids the conflict cease
And flings the portal wide for Peace.

HIS CROWN OF SHAME

On the Sinking of the "Lusitania"

ANOTHER gem to deck your crown of shame,
Already spangled thick with hellish deeds ;
Such bloody laurels plucked in Kultur's name
Sit well upon the ruffians that she breeds.
To you, such words as Pity, Shame or Ruth
Convey no meaning, human or divine ;
To plead the sacred names of Right or Truth
Were casting pearls before a Prussian swine.

Poor shattered ark, I seem to see her die ;
The gliding death, the blow, the thunder roar,
The riven plates and wreckage hurled on high,
The quivering body reeling, stricken sore.
One breath of awful silence, then the cries
Torn from a thousand tortured souls are rife,
And shiver upward to the quiet skies,
Fraught with a piteous strangled prayer for life.

Over she heels, and heeling flings the tide
Of poor humanity as atoms cast
Into the heaving waste, erst rode in pride
Therein to find an Ocean yet more vast.
Lower she sinks, the waters lap her deck,
Her gaping wounds in torrents suck the wave
That drags her down, a torn and dying wreck
To lie for ever in an ocean grave.

Thou sanguined fiend, in lowest deeps of hell
No devil's spawn conceived a fouler crime,
Nor arts infernal wove a blacker spell
Than thou, most callous scoundrel of all time.
Outside the human pale, no act too vile
For your black soul to fashion or obtain,
Hell's venom lags, outstripped by Prussian guile,
Hell's horrors pale before a Prussian brain.

UNTO THE END

"Let us strengthen in our hearts the resolution to carry on the struggle, with the help of God, to the complete triumph of the Russian arms."—THE CZAR TO HIS PEOPLE (1915).

HEROIC words, like a trumpet's blast
They quiver thro' the soul ;
The spirit leaps, and the blood runs fast,
The flag is nailed, and the die is cast,
The Present strides o'er the grave of Past,
Stern-eyed, towards the goal.

And great winds whirl with the stern refrain
Afar on lightning breath,
And hearts grown weary pulse again,
Its lava thrilling every vein,
As mighty cohorts onward strain
To victory or to Death.

Sublimely simple in fervent might
The tonic message rolls,
O'erleaping shades of gloomy night,
And gun wrack wreathing o'er the fight,
It soars toward the day-star's light,
And echoes round the poles.

You craven souls, who see us sped,
Take heart of grace, and hear

UNTO THE END

The voice of living, dying, dead,
Of blood that's offered, blood that's shed ;
Grip tight the sword, lift high the head ;
What fear you worse than fear ?

And you who pose before the throng
That men may hear your name,
Fling down the paltry stick and gong,
Do something manly, something strong,
Uphold your country, right or wrong,
And earn a cleaner fame.

O noble words, that steel the heart,
All powerful to defend :
Take each his cross and bear the smart,
Tho' eyes wax dim and tear-drops start,
'Tis God's to join and God's to part—
Endure Unto The End.

KITCHENER, K.G.

(1915)

MY Lord, congratulations on the gain
Of knighthood's highest guerdon : 'tis the sign
And noble token of an Empire's trust
Bestowed by kingly hand to mark the sense
Of service rendered to an Empire's cause.
A noble order for a noble man,
No glittering symbol offered to a name,
Nor gaud to deck the idol of a crowd,
But fitting tribute to a selfless life,
A life upon the Nation's altar laid,
Tho' Nations thank not always those who serve.
The petty clouds of interest, place, and power
Obscure the light of men of honest worth,
And merit languishes full oft in gloom
Till some convulsion shakes the walls of State
And all the tinsel of pretence flakes off
From the dry bones of gross incompetence ;
Then Merit shines, and leads, a faithful star.
A worthy Order for a worthy man,
Each lending added lustre unto each,
A kingly gift. It smites upon the lips
Foul calumny, and her attendant brood
That perish, wilting in the public scorn,
Rank as the memory of an evil thing.
My Lord, congratulation, and the trust
Of those who love their Country and their King,
And all good wishes from a humble scribe.

THE PRICE OF VICTORY

DROOP our proud flag half mast, then let it leap
Defiant, free to all the winds that blow,
And wave its glorious folds o'er those that sleep ;
They would have wished it so.

Droop our proud flag in Honour's sacred name
A little space, then loose its billowing pride
To sweep once more the oceans as a flame ;
It was for this they died.

Droop our dear flag to them, then nail it fast,
So best we tribute pay to duty done,
And fighting as they fought unto the last,
Complete what they begun.

And who shall say, when Victory's notes are blent
In one grand chord sonorous o'er the deep,
They will not hear, and know, and in content
Smile in their last long sleep.

QUEEN BATH

SHRINE of the healing waters, peerless Bath,
Gem in meet setting of the mighty hills,
Whose rugged breasts, by many a devious path,
Pour in beneficence thy God-blest rills.

Majestic city, thy time-hallowed walls
Are fraught with memories of thy mighty dead ;
Art, letters, arms, each marble pale recalls—
The fire of genius, all diversely spread.

Herein, the mighty Roman hand hath wrought
An inner shrine, and carved with cunning steel
Palatial baths, for those who healing sought,
And they who feared the ills they did not feel.

Here are the wonders of Italia's art
Epitomized, discovered to the eye.
Wrest from confusion's self, a noble part
Stands here to speak of ancient symmetry.

Cornice and column, adamantine wall,
Altars and friezes, while from sacred place
The mortal Gorgon's eyes upon us fall
From out the writhing serpent's chill embrace.

Despite Time's wasting passage, still it bears
Weird beauty, half barbaric, all its own,
As when the sculptor in the far off years
Tortured a soul-less block to living stone.

Amid the ruins of Minerva's sway,
Still would I linger, tho' my feeble pen
Ill limns the grandeur I would fain convey,
Wrought by the conquerors of a world of men.

High over all the stately Abbey keeps
Its steadfast watch, and marks the stream of Time
Resistless flow towards the sombre deeps,
Mourning each fleeting hour with solemn chime.

Lovely in every aspect to my heart,
Oh ! City of the west, I hail thee Queen,
Whose every smile and frown but form a part
Of sovereign dignity and charm serene.

I love thy beauty when the ardent Sun
Has kissed each verdant blade from off the steep ;
And drowsily the tributaries run
Which lend old Avon strength to reach the deep.

I love thee when the Frost King's icy breath
Sends fast the tears of Autumn fluttering down,
Wresting from Flora's brow her glowing wreath
And strewing every glade with sombre brown ;

When as a bride, by Nature's hand new drest,
A fleecy whiteness all thy form enshrouds,
The Sun-God's jewels flaming on thy breast
Gleam thro' the bridal veil of pearly clouds.

When the bright maidens winging down the sweep,
Touch with their fairy fingers bud and stem,
Waking the drowsy blossoms from their sleep,
And all the woodland choir to welcome them.

Gnarled stately boles hear low the wooing call,
And spread, responsive to the message kind,
O'er boughs made bare and black by wintry squall
Their glossy emerald pennons to the wind.

But best I love thee, when from wooded height
I hear the chastened tone of Sabbath bells
And watch the herald shadows' silent flight
From dusky cohorts hidden in the dells.

Shrouding each pinnacle and reverent tower,
Which in mute majesty avows the rod,
Praising with voiceless eloquence the power
And infinite Omnipotence of God.

Pale Dian, rising o'er the eastern height,
Silvers the Castle's lone illusive wall
Peeping, all shyly forth, the eyes of Night
Gleam with a calm soft radiance over all.

And thus I leave thee, bathed in ghostly light,
Asleep, at peace, beneath the witching beam,
Seeming within the soft embrace of Night
To be the beauteous City of a dream.

THE ORGANIST

SOFT thro' the chancel casement,
The moonbeams silver light
Falls on the silent organ
And o'er the head so white,
Of him who sits at the keyboard
In all the world alone,
And waits the spirits calling
To wake its solemn tone.

With loving touch he wakens
Low tender chords to life,
As tho' of angels weeping
O'er earth's dark sin and strife.
While mid the thronging shadows,
Sad voices wailed and fled,
The music died to silence,
Low dropped the tired head.

Then welled thro' the starry pathway
A pean so sweet and long,
It seemed as tho' the organ
Sobbed forth its soul in song.
And on the wondrous music
His soul to Heaven hath flown
To swell for aye the anthems
Before the great white Throne.

KEEP IT DARK

LEST you deem these lines belated,
I should wish it clearly stated
I have precedents galore for my defection.
For it seems the ruling passion,
I might almost say the fashion,
To keep anything like hurry in subjection.

Now I'm but an humble scribe,
(Quite a too prolific tribe) ;
And there's many things I cannot see quite clearly ;
But I think it's quite *de trop*
For to let the Germans know
Any facts that touch our safety very nearly.

If one gave an indication
Too precise of the location,
And the damage done by hostile aviator,
All the Realm's Acts, stringent laws,
Section, chapter, page and clause
Would be trotted out to brand him as a traitor.

Yet I read it, plainly printed,
Cold and hard, not merely hinted,
That we've not sufficient cannon to go round ;
And as for bagging Zepps,
Up to now the only steps
In some antiquated maxims has been found.

There are other things they tell,
But I think it quite as well
To let one instance serve as illustration.
And it seems, at least to me,
That quite gratis and post free
It is giving foes some useful information.

If things don't work out quite straight,
Well, whose fault is it we're late,
And that plans of import moulder on the shelves ?
But enough, it seems to me
That the wiser course would be
Just to alter things and keep it to ourselves.

BE WITH US

WE raise, O Lord, the massy pile
Wherein to render homage meet ;
Carved altar-piece and marbled aisle
We lay as tributes at Thy feet.
Do Thou, O Lord, Who gavest each
A temple sacred and apart,
Down from Thy Heaven in mercy reach
And fill with peace each troubled heart.

We set, O Lord, the sacred pane
All storied with Thy servants' lives,
Who wrought in far off days Thy fane
To strike from prisoned souls their gyves.
Their hope is ours, our needs the same,
Dark passions sway this busy mart ;
O write in glowing lines Thy name
Upon the tablets of each heart.

Life's little river narrows fast,
And twilight merges into dark ;
The soundless ocean, chill and vast,
Receives each life-tossed, weary bark.
O Thou, Who left the starry skies
To bear for us the cross's smart,
Be with us till the Dawn shall rise
And peace eternal fill the heart.

PATIENCE

WITH drooping head sweet Patience sighs and sees,
Wet eyed, the hot impatient throng below,
And hears the blast of human folly blow
As wintry gales amid the forest trees.

Not those she mourns who leap into the fray,
For they have bowed to her and she has smiled ;
And all their time of waiting has beguiled
By faithful promise of the coming day :

Nor those her subjects, who, whole-hearted, cope
With headstrong blindness or a meaner aim,
And all the virtues of her sceptre claim
By quiet deeds and words of cheer and hope :

But those who turn her gentle hand away
And build without foundation on the sand,
And conjure by the mouth a better land
Evolved from chaos in a single day.

Great battlements must fall to vocal wrath
And mountains melt to nothingness and fade.
Such is the power of their forensic blade
That armies wilt and vanish from their path.

They scale the dire peninsula at will ;
Its frowning bastions quail before their ire ;
No whit they care for ball or searing fire,
E'en Death's cold hand (on others) cannot chill.

Heedless of any ill they may entail
To plans clear-sighted of the guiding brain,
That weighs each separate link within the chain,
Knowing an Empire falls if one link fail.

To such as these I say, let men who know,
Guide this great matter to its destined end ;
Better a foe avowed than carping friend,
Whose mouthings may deflect a vital blow.

Bow you to Patience ; her sure hand shall bring
Her gentle sisters forth into the light :
Bellona's star shall sink in endless night
And Peace return to earth on shining wing.

THE MARTYR OF BRUSSELS

REST you, sweet martyr, nobly have you lain
The last great gift upon your country's shrine ;
Ours now the scalding tears and ours the pain,
The Victor's crown and robe of light are thine.

Rest you, sweet martyr, Pity's holy tear
Shone in your eye alike for foe or friend ;
Yours were the hands that calmed the frenzied fear
Of fever dreams, or soothed a bitter end.

Rest you, sweet maid, your crime is lovelier far
In sight of Heaven, than lip-flung prayer from
those,
Who, in their wanton pride, God's image mar,
And bid the life He gave, untimely close.

Alone, a woman, Christlike pitying all.
Your noble race condemned you, 'twas the crime,
That you were of the blood they cannot thrall,
That o'er the King of Terrors rose sublime.

Scarce can I school my pen to sober vein,
The words flow red, as is my heart within ;
Yet might it grieve you should I loose the rein
Of just invective on this dastard sin.

Rest you, sweet maid, not yet can I depose
The hate and bitterness you cast aside,
As did thy Master, where the cross uprose,
Praying for those who slew Him, as He died.

Rest, rest you well ; our hearts enshrine your name
The weary journey o'er, the spirit free
To wing above this earth of guilt and shame
And hear from lips Divine, "Abide with Me."

THE ROSE AND MAPLE LEAF

CAME a loud knocking at the Empire's gate,
And there with tangled locks and blazing eyes
Bellona stood, and swung her torch of fate
In blood-red circles far about the skies.
Then flamed the world, and then grew dark the sun,
War's monstrous incense rolled in lurid shrouds
Athwart the face of Heaven blinding-dun,
Temples of God and man dissolved in clouds.

Long, long, a fawning tongue and heart of guile
Had lulled Britannia into somnolent ease,
Grave warning counsels met with but a smile
Or old smug platitudes about the seas.
Then fell red War, but grand mid stress and dearth
She faced with level eyes the storm and strife,
And at her call from out the ends of earth
Armies invincible have leaped to life.

As by some touch of wizards' mighty hand
There came lion-hearted, and with purpose high,
The Sons of Canada to take their stand
To fight for England, or perchance to die ;
Came lithe and strong from Yukon's gold sprent tide ;
Came from where Melville's surges thundering roar,
Southward, from giant cities spreading wide,
Eastward, from Hudson Bay and Labrador.

And they have written deep on history's scroll
A tale of chivalry, that in the light
Of afterdays will ring from pole to pole
In deathless epics of a peoples' might.
O, what an answer, bond on bond is sealed,
And wide flung ends indrawn as strong links meet
In strife red forged, by mingled blood annealed ;
A chain of Empire, flawless, stands complete.

Fair Canada, whate'er may come with years,
Or weal or woe as drifts their tide along,
In joy our smiles are yours, in sorrow, tears ;
In sadness, sympathy ; in mirth our song ;
And lips grown old will tell with trembling pride,
While young cheeks mantle, and bright eyes are wet,
To hear of that heroic khaki tide
That swept o'er St Eloi and Courcellette.

Counsel, you head men, build for years unborn,
Lest Time should slack the bonds and men forget,
Lest Victory of its guerdon should be shorn ;
Counsel together and bind stronger yet
The friendship born on many a hard won plain
In mutual sacrifice for mutual good.
So from War's ashes there shall rise and reign
An Empire knit in one vast Brotherhood.

THE LIGHTKEEPER

ABOVE, below, How the wild winds go
And wrest at my ocean tower ;
But safe stand I 'twixt sea and sky
And laugh at their puny power.
They lash with might the breakers white
That fret at my castle keep,
His long race done the fiery sun
Sinks in the west to sleep.

I mark the flight of the wings of night,
Close o'er the restless sea,
And hear the knell of the wave-swung bell,
In its ceaseless monody,
Sowing the brine with jewels divine
The Night Queen rises lone,
And my turret light so clear and bright
Grows pale before her own.

When the storm-god glides o'er the raging tides
And night lowers chill and black,
I send my beam with fiery gleam
Thro' the driving mist and wrack,
Now red, now white, athwart the night
My warning flashes fly
Where in the dark the labouring bark
Might strike and shuddering die.

WHERE'ER YOU ARE ¹

I

WHEN the pale stars glimmer o'er the battlefield
And the guns' deep thunder dies away,
Angel fingers close the weary eyes
And soothe the terrors of the day.
Not of the battle's strife they're dreaming
'Neath the pale and misty light,
But the touch of a hand and voices calling
From the homeland echo thro' the night.

2

Where the great grey watchdogs of our Navy ride
O'er the northern waters dark and cold,
Eyes released from weary vigil close
And dreams bring back the days of old.
Voice of the wind and waves is blended
With the music soft and low
Of dear ones singing in the homeland cottage
By the firelight's red and cheery glow.

Refrain

Where'er you are to-night, dear,
By the shot-torn field or main,
Our love we send you, and may God defend you
Thro' the battle's bitter strife and pain.
There's many a heart at home that's yearning
For loved ones o'er the foam ;
God keep you always in his care
And bring you safely home.

¹ *This has been set to music and published.*

TO MY OLD ARMCHAIR

WELL, well, old friend, we've had some jolly times

Just you and I, with some "Egyptian" best.
Within your arms I've strung the doubtful rhymes
That plagued the public and disturbed its rest.
Thro' fragrant smoke wreaths, visions came apace.
Past, Present, Future, wantoned in my brain,
Striving as ladies do for pride of place
Where bargains lurk in lingerie and delaine,
But by the way, I feel compelled to speak,
Your legs get worse with that confounded creak.

Still to resume, the visions frolicked round,
Some quite urbane, and some with antics sinister,
(Deem not in me, dear reader, you have found
A subject ripe for medico or minister).
What tho' their colours differed and their shape,
Some flaunting rags, some seeming fairly wealthy,
Not one owed birth to nectar of the grape
Which for a moral scribe is most unhealthy.
O hang it all, you've got a beastly flaw,
Your back is squeaking like a rusty saw.

I'll try again, we've conjured from the smoke
Utopian joys, and imps that smacked of Hades,
While anon there upon our vision broke
A most disturbing coterie of lovely ladies,

Whose pardon I must beg with great contrition
And may I add the usual "grant your grace."
'Tis but an index of my ill condition
In rhyming you with such a sultry place ;
Good Lord, how can I write or mould a thesis
Your blessed spring is broken all to pieces.

Dreams we have had of modest cheques accruing
From these our labours, in the realm of spooks ;
The postman passing, wife says "Nothing doing,
I thought you'd like to see the tradesmen's books."
O shades of Shakespeare, Byron, Burns and Keats,
The tradesmen's books thrust on the sacred nine,
The prices (very high) of carnal meats
Jumbled with that afflatus called divine,
Such impious deeds must bring about disaster.
Great Scot, there goes your one surviving caster.

My Muse hath fled, nor can I greatly blame her,
No well-bred Muse had any other choice.
You'll note the sad effect of her disclaimer
Upon the lilt and rhythm of my voice.
Quenched is the flaming torch of inspiration,
My scintillating style's entirely flown ;
It seems as tho' a lack of respiration
Throttles each word I try "upon my own,"
Therefore must I eschewing old ambitions
Essay the task of piling up munitions.

Alack-a-day, we're growing old together,
The hair falls from your arms and eke my head :
With last remaining locks I strive to feather
The pinky patch that ever seems to spread.

And you, no spring or casters, limbs rheumatic,
'Twere quite unfair to ask you to bear more.
Go, in the webby gloom of some quiet attic
Creak to the spiders all our dreams of yore.
Unlike myself you fear not stocks' declension,
And have no qualms about an old age pension.

THE SINGER

SHE sang with the voice of an angel
The songs so old and dear,
Till men forgot their striving
And Heaven seemed more near.
Poor careworn hearts and weary
Drank in the golden showers,
Till life no more seemed dreary,
And Hope put forth her flowers.

Then the great world offered glory
And wealth and power and fame ;
Life's pathway strewn with roses
By the magic of her name.
The glowing hand of pleasure
Should soothe the idle day,
And earth her every treasure
Should scatter by the way.

But the singer smiled unheeding,
And raised her eyes above,
" I need no pride or pleasure,
I sing no song but love ;
The love of Him Who taught me
And fashioned every tone ;
For Him Who died and bought me,
I sing for Him alone."

WARNEFORD, V.C.

A VENGEANCE, winged, he sped aloft
Thro' the eagle's pathway bright,
And saw the hornèd moon grow soft
And fade in the golden light.
He watched for a monster grim and grey,
Afar in the fleecy clouds,
That writhe and whirl in her homeward way
From her murd'rous errand to blast and slay,
Like phantoms seeking her course to stay,
Enwrapped in clammy shrouds.

She comes, ill omened, an evil thing
Far up in the white flecked blue,
And the Vengeance soars on upward wing,
A slayer of fiends who slew.
Down thro' the silken monster rape
The deadly bolts well sped ;
Red fire tongues lick the giant shape,
From the buoyant fumes that seek escape,
While jagged rents all flapping gape
Like wounds to the sky o'erhead.

She flames and bursts with a thunder roar,
And the stunning blast upflung
Smites on the Vengeance, turns him o'er
Till head to earth is hung :

He rights, and rests on earth a space,
Then soars again on high,
A Victor proud, whose name and race
No waves of Time shall e'er efface ;
Deep branded on the scroll of grace,
The deed can never die.

.
Dear gallant lad, Life's mortal foe
Came winging down the steep,
And touched your hand and bid you go
To sleep the last long sleep ;
Above earth's little hopes and fears,
Above earth's smile or frown,
Beyond the blinding mists of tears,
Beyond the grief that burns and sears,
Where Time is not, nor days, nor years ;
You wear a nobler crown.

THE WATCHERS

(Old and New)

TIME-WORN they stand o'er the shelving strand
As they stood in the days of old
When the rovers free, who sailed the sea,
Came questing for land and gold ;
And a kingly spoil was the English soil
And red was the English gold.

When watching eyes saw the top-masts rise
On the skyline far and low,
There was ready a hail for a friendly sail
And a leaden blast for a foe.
And great and small (if they went at all)
Went a shattered and sorry foe.

Men watch no more from the turrets hoar,
No beacon crowns the steep,
Fast sleep the towers thro' the long dark hours
Whilst the watchers walk the deep.
Aye, night and day o'er the royal way,
Steel shod, they walk the deep.

Tense, grim and black on the foemen's track
They thunder with fiery breath,
For teeth and claws are the sea-dogs' laws
And their grip is a grip to death.
Thro' the flurry of foam the steel drives home
And the kiss of the steel is death.

So the old towers sleep and the new powers keep
Their ward by the gateway old,
For a kingly spoil is the English soil
And red is the English gold.
But those who take, our guard must break
Of Fire and Steel and Gold.

JOAN

JOAN, when the twilight shadows fall
And you are standing by the old lych gate,
Do gentle zephyrs ever softly call
My name to you and tell you that I wait ?
Does no soft breathing of the scented eve
Recall the happy dreams we had of old,
When in your bonnie eyes my world lie hid ?
Without their light the world is dark and cold.

Joan, as of old, within my heart
Thy memory aye shall live in tender shrine,
And O, I pray that life will leave no smart
Or aught but peace and happiness in thine.
Then in the afterwards our hands may meet,
Which here seem fated to remain afar ;
Yet I am better to have known you, sweet,
And your dear eyes shall be my guiding star.

UNTIL THE DAWN

(Nurse Cavell)

A LONELY grave hard by the prison wall,
No loving hand to lay a simple flower,
No heart-wrung tear upon the sod may fall
That shrouds the victim of a tyrant's power.

Yet all the world in spirit kneels and weeps,
And fragrant blooms of sympathy are spread
Dewy with tears, for her who lowly sleeps
'Neath alien skies till God shall wake His dead.

She would not stoop to lie. Her fleeting breath
Was spent for Truth in sacrifice complete,
Noble in life, but nobler far in Death
Whose darkness gathered thick about her feet.

But not in vain she died : the pale cold hand
Has lit in every heart a torch of flame ;
Has forged for manhood's arm a keener brand
For us to wield in Justice's sacred name.

Her gentle soul forgave the bitter wrong.
Implacate, Justice claims her lawful meed
Thro' us who love her, for that lonely grave,
Else Britain's honour were a broken reed.

Farewell, great soul, for you the sombre glade
Held nought of terror ; 'twas a dreamless night
Whose morn should rise triumphant, and the shade
Of earth and sorrow pale before its light.

GRANDMAMMA'S LECTURE

GRANDMAMMA sits in her high-backed chair
Knitting, as busy can be ;
Then the needles stop and she smoothes her hair
And frowns as she speaks to me.
I can't think what *you* girls are coming to—no,
With your skirts so high and your necks so low ;
You smoke and you flirt and you whiz and you whirl ;
We were much more proper when I was a girl.

And hark ye, Miss Romp ; on the Sabbath day
To church we always went ;
Now its the river, or foolish play
With sticks with the *handles* bent ;
And the hussies encourage the men, they do,
And make brazen eyes, what you call goo-goo ;
You needn't sit there with your fingers atwirl,
We never behaved so when I was a girl.

Then I kiss the old lady's frown away,
Pick up her stitches, and then
Ask *her* how she came to be wed one day
If she *never* encouraged the men.
But grandmamma's head is nodding slow
And shaking each silver curl,
As she walks in dreams thro' the long ago
With her sweetheart, when she was a girl.

TU-WHIT, TU-WHOO

A LAD and lass across the grass
With hands entwined did walk ;
Her eyes so bright, his clasp so tight,
"Twere little need for talk.
As they strayed for hours mid the birds and flowers
And each new treasures spied ;
Till, from a shower, to the ruined tower,
The twain for shelter hied.
And an owl so brown looked sily down,
And watched them bill and coo ;
And tho' no one heard, that wicked bird
Just laughed, Too wet, to woo-o,
"Tis not too wet to woo.

The shower passed by and the summer sky
Grew bright as the maiden's eyes ;
So fast time flew, the shadows grew
And stars peeped in surprise.
For by the gate, though the hour grew late,
They watched the moon's soft light ;
When life's a song, it takes so long
To bid a maid good-night.
And that owl so sly, just closed one eye,
As o'er their heads he flew ;
Then called aloud from the wood's dark shroud,
"Tis not too late to woo-o,
"Tis ne'er too late to woo.

From his dusky bower in the ruined tower
The owl looked wondering down,
And saw the maid, all smiles, arrayed
In a very charming gown.
The church bells rang, the children sang,
And on the village green
The maids and men did trip it then
About the bridal Queen.
But time flies fast, they leave at last
The old home for the new ;
And that knowing bird was plainly heard
To laugh, two-wed, Tu whoo-o,
Two wed, Two wed, Hoo, Hoo.

THE TWO SUITORS

First Suitor

DEAR, I will give thee lands and gold
In many a sunny shire,
And jewels, although the brightest pale
Before thine eyes' soft fire.
Satin or velvet thou shalt scroll
To deck thy hair's gold strands,
Or in fine equipage shalt roll,
Nor soil thy lily hands.

Second Suitor

I have no lands, my lady sweet,
Nor jewels bright and rare ;
A humble cot is all my home,
But sweet content sits there.
No title I, but that of man,
No rede but manly part ;
But at thy feet I lay my all,
A loving, faithful heart.

The Maid

The maiden sighed, I like not pride,
Nor can I live on air ;
Tho' jewels are nice, true hearts of price,
'Tis pity they're so rare.

I thank you for your offers kind,
She said, but by my troth
I'll wait until a man I find
With just enough of both.

BY THE FALL

DEAR bygone days, when with the Dawn we
wandered

Beside the dell where laughed the sun-kissed stream,
Soft spray in rainbow mists about us weaving
Its fairy tints into our happy dream.

Still smiles the Dawn on all we loved so dearly,
Still gleam the rainbow mists above the fall,
But to my heart the waters murmur sadly
Since you have left me, love, my life, my all.

Come, love, in dreams, for days are long and weary,
And we will watch beside the waters bright,
And kneeling hand in hand will pray the Dawn
To raise no more the curtains of the night.

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